

113, Rue Notre Dame des Champs
Paris VI^e
April 11. 1924

Dearest Mother:-

It was wonderful at last to see your handwriting again! We expected you to be as generous with letters as usual, writing to American Express Co. which always reaches us, but you were wise to wait for our own home address.

We are bowled over by the stunning photographs of Ma and Sun - my I certainly am proud of my sisters! Ma was bound to take the cake so I'm not a bit surprised by the article in Sak Tsen and all Sunny needs is the same chance to go and do likewise. I think her profession is a dandy and as a recent occupant ^{inmate I mean} of a hospital I can truthfully say that I wish more intelligent girls of our class would go in for it - clear eyes and head and health and firm hands make an awful lot of difference in a patient's career, don't you think so?

Did I fail to acknowledge the receipt of the wonderful family pictures with such interesting notes on the back. That I failed to do so shows what a stew we were in when I wrote for us were greatly impressed with their charm and value to

all of us as a possession. I was just like you to ²
save them, choose and mark them for us with
such painstaking, mother. Ernest is terribly proud
of them. We have showed them to J. H.'s godparents
Miss Stein and Miss Toclay and they are wild over
the whole family. You can imagine how I love
Ernest's baby pictures!

Well, we are all in fine health and
just about settled. I think we shall stay
here by our sawmill in spite of certain unim-
proving features belowstairs. We get sunlight up
on our floor every day. There is so much sun
and light and Bumble sleeps all day, in his
bed right in the big French window all dressed
for outdoors, comes in to meals with pink cheeks
and uproarious laughter. He is taking Nestlé's
six times a day, me six times, and orange juice
before his 12 o'clock meal. He adores them all
and calls for more. Weighs over 15 lbs. Yesterday
was his 6 month birthday as you should you
remembered in your letter mother, and
we had Guttrude Stein and Alice Toclay over.
The baby received rubber animals from them
and a beautiful silver cup out of which he drank

his orange juice (really did with hardly any
spilling) then the group went to the dining
room and had oysters before dinner. White
wine for toasts and yellow jonquils brought
by a friend from the forest of Brumois added
to the festivity.

Yesterday our goods arrived from
Toronto and I went with Miss Tooley and
was very successful in getting it through customs.
They will be arriving this afternoon or tomorrow
and then curtain making, ~~costuming~~, and
refurbishing will start in earnest. Our
place will seem like really our own home
then. Our only dissatisfaction with this
place is that it is too much in the line of
march of all our friends (and boring acquaintances)
for us to even have much quiet for work.
I work in the mornings while I cook for the
baby, feed and bathe him, - it takes until 12.
then I generally get us a little luncheon
here and then get the 3 o'clock feeding done.
Then Madame comes and I go out if a bunch
of people don't arrive to keep us or me in. We
are joining a tennis club and I box twice a week.

with George O'Neil at their house near the Club.
J. H. W. goes out once in a while in his buggy
or a taxi to spend the day or pay calls and
adores it. But most of the time he sleeps here
in the pen window. My femme de ménage is
marvelous - does his laundry every day, washes
floors, washes windows, empties and fills all
water vessels, makes the bedroom, mitches around
with a duster a little, gathers a couple of sacks
of wood a day and gets a good dinner all
in 5 hours. Best cook in the world.

Chink spent a week with us and it was
while he was here that the baby was christened.
He is Godfather you see. He was christened just
before Vespers at St. Luke's Episcopal Chapel
near here, by an American minister, Rev. William
Stimson. He was lovely to the baby and to all of
us and we met his wife and mother afterwards.
Miss Stein and Miss Tracy are wonderful
godparents - were here every few days to see
his progress and make the right suggestions at
the right moments. Gertrude S. has been an Obstetric
surgeon - Johns Hopkins graduate - and she
helped me a great deal while the baby was
coming. They are great, both.

The apartment you remembered me speaking

about was the Ezra Pound and we have decided
not to take it - it is not at all possible with the
baby - cold and damp and I always tho't rather
dismal. Has a certain charm tho', and I'm
sorry in a way to lose it.

Florida must be wonderful - so glad
you had the trip after all that winter
illness and pain. My small Bambi
sends special love to his Gramma - he
is lying "here" in his weighing basket made
into a bed and set on a fur rug on the
floor before the fire at my feet, gurgling
about it. He is the handsomest little
thing you ever saw, knows everything, and
everybody.

This letter of course is from Eric too
and he will write soon separately. He
is making a great name for himself among
literary people everywhere. Ford Maddox Ford,
editor of the Transatlantic Review, the man who
taught Joseph Conrad to write English, said
to him yesterday when I was saying rather
plaintively that it took a man years to get his
name known - "Nonsense! You will have a great

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have in no time at all! "He's not the only
one who thinks so. On all sides I hear it.
He's working on short stories now. So glad you
felt his Racing Story was good.

Much much love to all -

Forgot to say how adorable your blanket which
I said to be just for Paris, is looking on I think
little white bed - with its little pink roses. I
adore it.

Devotedly your daughter
Hedley

April 10th . 1924